A most Excellent
New Ballad:

To a most Excellent New Tune, called
Young Jamey.

YOung *Jamey* was a Lad
of Royal Birth and breeding,
With every beauty clad,
and every Swain exceeding:
In Shape and Face so wondrous fair,
so charming every part,
That every Lass upon the Green
for *Jamey* had a Heart.

In *Jamey's* powerful eyes
young Gods of love are playing,
And in his face there lies
a thousand smiles betraying:
But oh! he dances with a grace,
none like him e're was seen,
No god that ever faced was
had so Divine a Mean.

To *Jamey* every Swain
did lowly doff his Bonnet,
And every Lass did strain
to praise him in her Sonnet:
The Pride of all the Youth he was,
the glory of the Groves,
The pleasure of each tender Lass,
the Theam of all our loves.

But oh unhappy fate!
ah! curse upon Ambition,
The busie Fopps of State
have ruin'd his Condition;
For glittering hope he left the Shade,
his glorious hours are gone,
By flattering Fools & Knaves betray'd
poor *Jamey* is undone.

A most Excellent New Ballad:

To a most Excellent New Tune, called Young Jamey.

YOung *Jamey* was a Lad
of Royal Birth and breeding,
With every beauty clad,
and every Swain exceeding:
In Shape and Face so wondrous fair,
so charming every part,
That every Lass upon the Green
for *Jamey* had a Heart.

In *Jamey's* powerful eyes
young gods of love are playing,
And in his face there lies
a thousand smiles betraying:
But oh! he dances with a grace,
none like him e're was seen,
No god that ever faced was
had so Divine a Mean.

To *Jamey* every Swain
did lowly doff his Bonnet,
And every Lass did strain
to praise him in her Sonnet:
The Pride of all the Youth he was,
the glory of the Groves,
The pleasure of each tender Lass,
the Theam of all our loves.

But oh unhappy fate!
ah! curse upon Ambition,
The busie Fopps of State
have ruin'd his Condition;
For glittering hope he left the Shade,
his glorious hours are gone,
By flattering Fools & Knaves betray'd
poor *Jamey* is undone.

A most Excellent
New Ballad:

To a most Excellent New Tune, called
Young Jamey.

YOung *Jamey* was a Lad
of Royal Birth and breeding,
With every beauty clad,
and every Swain exceeding:
In Shape and Face so wondrous fair,
so charming every part,
That every Lass upon the Green
for *Jamey* had a Heart.

In *Jamey's* powerful eyes
young gods of love are playing,
And in his face there lies
a thousand smiles betraying:
But oh! he dances with a grace,
none like him e're was seen,
No god that ever faced was
had so Divine a Mean.

To *Jamey* every Swain
did lowly doff his Bonnet,
And every Lass did strain
to praise him in her Sonnet:
The Pride of all the Youth he was,
the glory of the Groves,
The pleasure of each tender Lass,
the Theam of all our loves.

But oh unhappy fate!
ah! curse upon Ambition,
The busie Fopps of State
have ruin'd his Condition;
For glittering hope he left the Shade,
his glorious hours are gone,
By flattering Fools & Knaves betray'd
poor *Jamey* is undone.

A most Excellent New Ballad:

To a most Excellent New Tune, called Young Jamey.

YOung *Jamey* was a Lad
of Royal Birth and breeding,
With every beauty clad,
and every Swain exceeding:
In Shape and Face so wondrous fair,
so charming every part,
That every Lass upon the Green
for *Jamey* had a Heart.

In *Jamey's* powerful eyes
young gods of love are playing,
And in his face there lies
a thousand smiles betraying:
But oh! he dances with a grace,
none like him e're was seen,
No god that ever faced was
had so Divine a Mean.

To *Jamey* every Swain
did lowly doff his Bonnet,
And every Lass did strain
to praise him in her Sonnet:
The Pride of all the Youth he was,
the glory of the Groves,
The pleasure of each tender Lass,
the Theam of all our loves.

But oh unhappy fate!
ah! curse upon Ambition,
The busie Fopps of State
have ruin'd his Condition;
For glittering hope he left the Shade,
his glorious hours are gone,
By flattering Fools & Knaves betray'd
poor *Jamey* is undone.